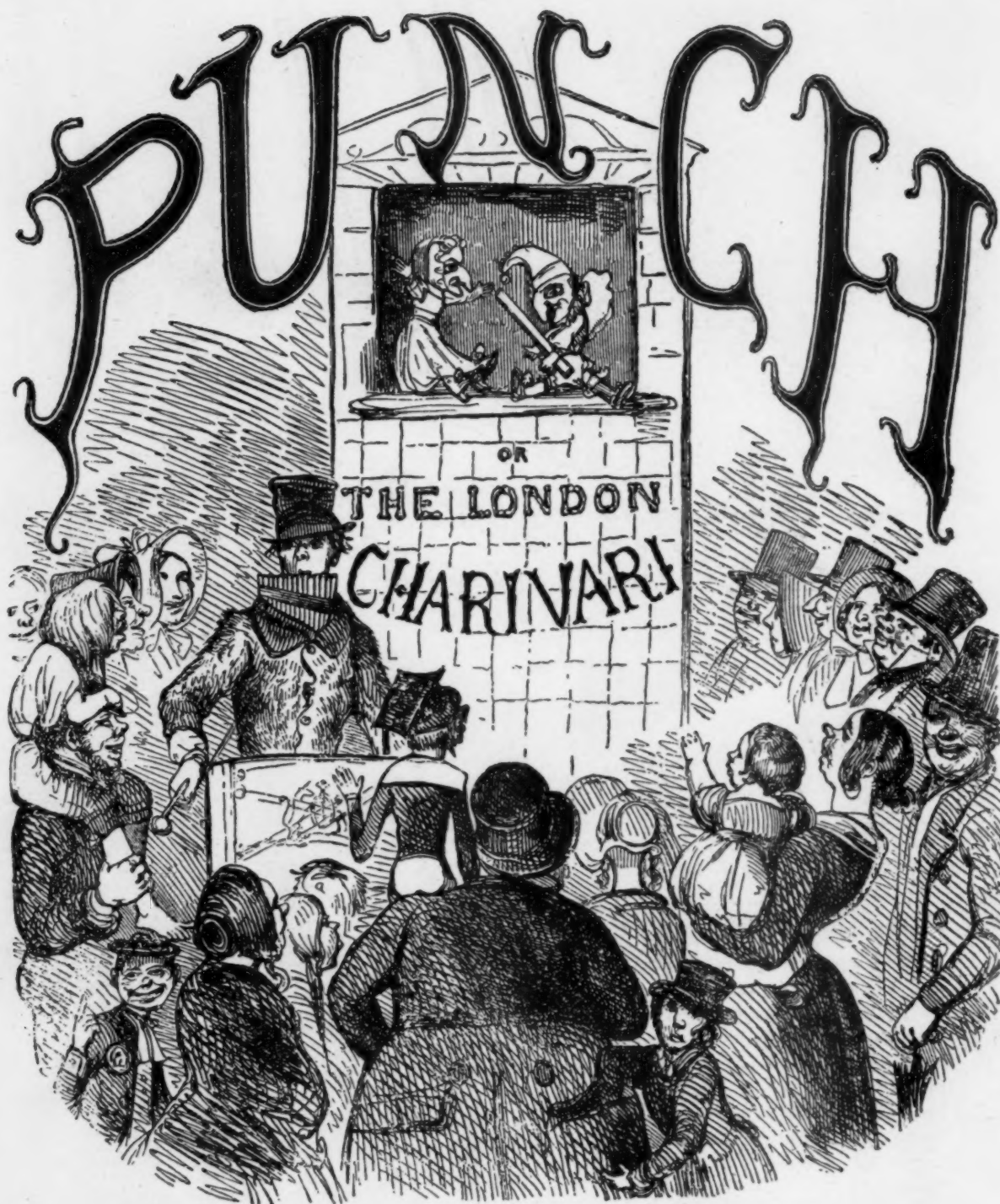


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March 28 1956

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It is an accepted fact that the life of paintwork on steel is dependent upon the surface treatment of the metal *before* painting. In an exposure test* on structural steel in an industrial atmosphere, paint on a weathered and hand-cleaned surface lasted only 2 years, but the same paint lasted *nine* years on steel from which the mill-scale had been removed by pickling. *Reference: "The Prevention of Corrosion" British Iron & Steel Research Association.

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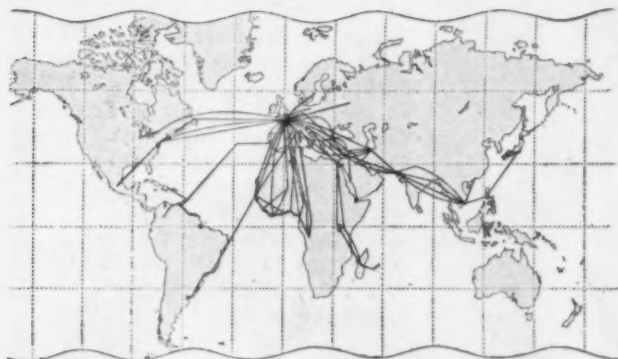


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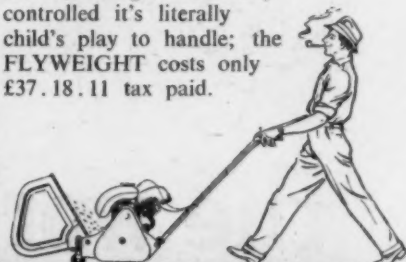


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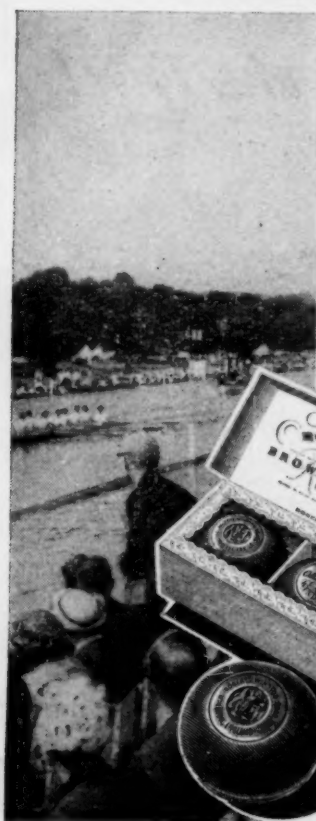


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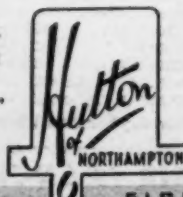
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By the look of them, you can always tell Daks . . . the clean, unbroken line from waistband to turn-up, the magnificence of the cloth. By their comfort, too, for no other trousers give such a feeling of freedom? And not least, by their colour sense, you can always tell Daks. In all there are forty-two shades to choose from, eight of these in the most popular cloth in which Daks trousers are made: the incomparable Balton worsted.

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From a painting by Canadian artist, Sidney A. Barron—a leading water-colour interpreter of British Columbia scenes.

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A thousand acres of evergreen forest . . . rock-girt shoreline and unspoiled natural beauty contrasts delightfully with curiously carved Indian totem poles to culminate at Prospect Point. Here, where the mountains come down to the sea, unfolds the majestic sweep of the North Shore Range . . . the skyline homes of British Properties . . . the towering span of the Lions Gate Bridge.

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More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond—good tea and fresh.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

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They are now available for you to buy for your own
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Who used her Loaf
and made a
Happy Marriage

When Aunt Eliza was a girl
She dearly loved the Social Whirl
And took in all the Best Events
But never read Advertisements:
Not one. She never knew just what
To buy, or whether to or not.
Until one day her latest beau
(Soon to be known as Uncle Joe)
Arrived quite unexpectedly
And found no Hovis there for tea.
"But what is Hovis, Joseph dear?"
She asked; then wiped away a tear
When he replied that every wife
Knew Hovis was the Slice of Life.
"Come now," he scoffed, "have you not read
About that Lovely Loaf of Bread,
How good it is, and wholesome, too?"
"My love, I've not." "Then see you do!"
She did. And ever since that date,
Her Joe's had plenty on his plate



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Whatever the make, the age or the condition of your car, new free-flowing Esso Extra Motor Oil gives *instant lubrication* at all temperatures, all the year round. This means that Esso Extra Motor Oil actually protects your engine throughout the entire working life built into it by the motor

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EXTRA MOTOR OIL *protects your engine for life!*



ACCORDING to reports from the American TV front highly placed Service officers are doing well in the quiz games just now, the latest prize-winner being a distinguished rear-admiral who exposed himself to millions and won a \$50,000 prize. So far there is no record of any politicians having volunteered for a public intelligence test.

No Hands Across the Border

TELEVISION programmes are cold-shouldering Scotland, says the Scottish National Congress. Similar resentment



from Wales is still fresh in the memory. No complaints have come in yet from America.

Was There Something?

DROP a catch-phrase into the statesman's vocabulary and it spreads more rapidly than "Don't forget the diver" or "Mind my bike." Sir Anthony Eden's "property-owning democracy" is everywhere, and Sir Winston Churchill must often have regretted the lack of remunerative patent rights in that well-known "iron curtain." Currently, everything is "rethinking." Before this one achieves full penetration, it seems proper to ask politicians, whether in the House or on a constituency platform, to rethink it before they respeak it, particularly as there is never any sign of anything ever actually getting rethought.

Carnage de Bal

ONLY a few decades ago the ballroom was the inviolate province of the rich

and royal; none but the most freakishly fortunate of Cinderellas could ever hope to glide sedately under the crystal chandeliers, clasped to an aristocratic breast rich with ribands and orders. Now democracy takes the floor, and it is encouraging to think that in dance halls everywhere even the lowliest of Britain's youth can enjoy the graceful practice of health-giving eurhythmics. Only last week twenty young men were convicted of a breach of the peace at Orpington, where they attended a soiree equipped with black duffel coats and knives, whistling, jostling, dragging ladies out of their partners' arms and offering to carve others present with razors. A note of old-time dignity was introduced into the *Times* report: "The M.C. appealed for order, and had his hat knocked off."

afloat in Brighton about the possibility of launching the piers.

Drug Age Note

REPORTS that a Surrey woman shoplifted a basketful of groceries after taking a "don't care" pill for her nerves have caused intensive research activity among manufacturing chemists. They plan a brand of "Anti-Klep" tablets, to be



distributed to shopkeepers and mounted just inside the door on tasteful Please Take One display cards.

Make Yourself at Home

BRITISH scientists lately in Russia took the opportunity to exchange neckties with friends over there. "My Old Etonian tie," said one of them, "is now round the neck of Professor Bannikov, a very distinguished Russian zoologist." On the other hand, it may have changed ownership again. Mr. Khrushchev will need all the help he can get before he faces that ride down the Mall.

Read All About It

GOSSIP-WRITERS, rightly, have been given their extra share of space in the larger newspapers. Otherwise it is doubtful whether readers of the *Sunday Express* the other Sunday would ever have known that the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke poor German, the Duke of Marlborough had a stiff neck, or the Duke of Wellington's sister-in-law had decided to continue working as a consulting corsetière.

THIS WEEK'S PUNCH

The dispute in the printing trade is still unresolved at the time of going to press, and we once more ask our readers' indulgence for the shortcomings of this issue. Compelled to print the cover without its usual red embellishment, we have decided this week to use a black-and-white cover of particular interest. It is the cover in which our first issue appeared on July 17, 1841.

Long Trick's Over?

BRITAIN's seaside resorts enjoyed the fruits of more than a thousand conferences of business and political bodies last year, and their Chambers of Commerce were looking forward confidently to repeating this enjoyable experience. But a cloud looms on the horizon, in the menacing shape of a 20,000-ton liner now being advertised as a fresh and ideal setting for "convention-minded executives." This could catch on, as it already has in America, and something must be done. Enquiries are already said to be

The Communiqué Form

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

IN view of the extra work thrown upon the Prime Minister's Secretariat by the task of translating his impromptu speeches into American, it has been found convenient to prepare a draft form suitable for use in communiqués after all future international conferences. Prime Ministers are requested to mark with a tick those sentences which they wish to be included in the communiqué. Prime Ministers are not expected to attempt more than eight of these clichés.

1. Conscious of our unity of purpose and our determination to maintain the peace, we have had a free, frank and useful exchange of views on the various problems of the world.
2. As a result of our conversations, we are both agreed that each has now a better and fuller understanding of the other's point of view.
3. We are agreed on the urgent necessity of finding a solution of the problem(s) of:
 - The Far East
 - The Middle East
 - Cyprus
 - Western Europe
 - The Arab-Israeli Dispute
 - Germany

(Please strike out which you do not require.)

4. We are concerned at the increasing tension in . . . and . . . which constitutes a definite threat to peace and are agreed upon the necessity of taking measures to remove that threat.



"The Russians offer you loans at two per cent while our terms are four per cent. On the other hand, the Russians probably expect payment."

5. We reaffirm our determination to take active steps to prevent an outbreak of hostilities in . . . and . . . and . . .

(Note to Printer.—Omit any names of areas in which hostilities have actually broken out between the drafting of the communiqué and publication. In the event of hostilities breaking out after 23 hours on the evening of release it is regretted that for technical reasons it will be impossible to erase the relevant names.)

6. We are agreed upon the urgent necessity of taking positive steps to raise the standard of living in . . . and We welcome the co-operation of our allies and ourselves with other free nations in developing the resources and well-being of these countries.
7. We reviewed the situation in . . . with particular reference to current disputes and differences in that area. We believe that these differences can be resolved through friendly discussions. It was agreed that every effort should be made to

reduce sources of misunderstanding in this area.

8. We reaffirm the necessity of maintaining a high and effective level of armaments, until such time as it is possible to carry through a policy of disarmament, but we believe that the security of states cannot rest upon arms alone but rather upon the international rule of law and the establishment of friendly relations between neighbours.
9. We are firmly determined to support all states in the achievement of their legitimate aspirations but at the same time are solemnly resolved never to resort to force for the achievement of illegitimate aspirations.
10. We are agreed on the desirability of holding another conference at as early a date as possible for the further exploration of these problems.
11. After full consideration of all the issues involved we were both agreed that peace was preferable to war.
12. We believe in God, etc.

The Delegation

WE crowded from the anteroom
To meet him face to face.

We sidled ceremoniously
Each man into his place,
Hoping our numbers might off-set
A certain lack of case.

We sat and faced the Minister,
Packed almost cheek to cheek.
Against us on his either hand,
Inscrutable and sleek,
Sat six homunculi who spoke
When he was slow to speak.

In words that were the work of days
We argued and appealed
On several arguable points
And all that wider field
Of what we knew he knew would come
And did not mean to yield.

He showed a tolerance of mind
Much more than merely just.
He seemed to share our point of view
On all that we discussed.

His calculated sympathy
Rebuked our deep mistrust.

His eyes were luminous and large
And innocent of guile;
His hands were smooth and white and square
And gestured all the while;
And all his words were softly turned
And spoken with a smile:

He picked them with a loving care
That made them seem profound.
They dropped directly to the point
And yet went round and round,
And seemed to weave a complex web
Of non-committal sound.

He talked. We talked. He talked again,
And neither quite believed
The other won, but parted so
And, parting, each received
A sense of duty done if not
Of very much achieved.

B. B.-P. DURHAM



Nach Berlin

By H. F. ELLIS

MANY and many a story have I read of attempts by British officers to escape from P.O.W. camps in Germany. Enthralling they always are, rich in courage and humour and ingenuity, full of *Appells* and the baiting of Goons, of tunnels and *Feldwebels* and unendurably tense moments at railway stations. But now I want a change. I want to read a book about the attempts of German officers to escape from Britain.

There seem to be precious few such books about. Did no Germans tunnel their way out of the Tower of London? Did they never make wireless sets out of old razor blades, or bait their British guards, or betray themselves by a false move in the waiting-room at Clapham Junction? Is there no *Kemilworth Story* to set alongside the Coldingham epic on my

shelves? One quite sees that the Channel would be an awkwardness, capable of damping all but the most determined spirits, but surely one or two audacious Prussians, not too stupid to write out their adventures in translatable German, must have roamed about the English countryside from time to time?

Failing all else, I suppose I shall have to write the book myself. I know well enough how it will go.

CHAPTER I. A BID FOR FREEDOM

"Can you spare a moment, Hans?"

The speaker was Erich Stultz, tall, moody, for ever dreaming about the water-garden he planned to build in far-off Stuttgart when the war was over, but tough as whipcord and a first-class performer on the flute. I laid down the length of lead piping I was whittling

into Victoria Crosses for a certain scheme of my own and nodded quietly.

"I am going to escape," he told me.

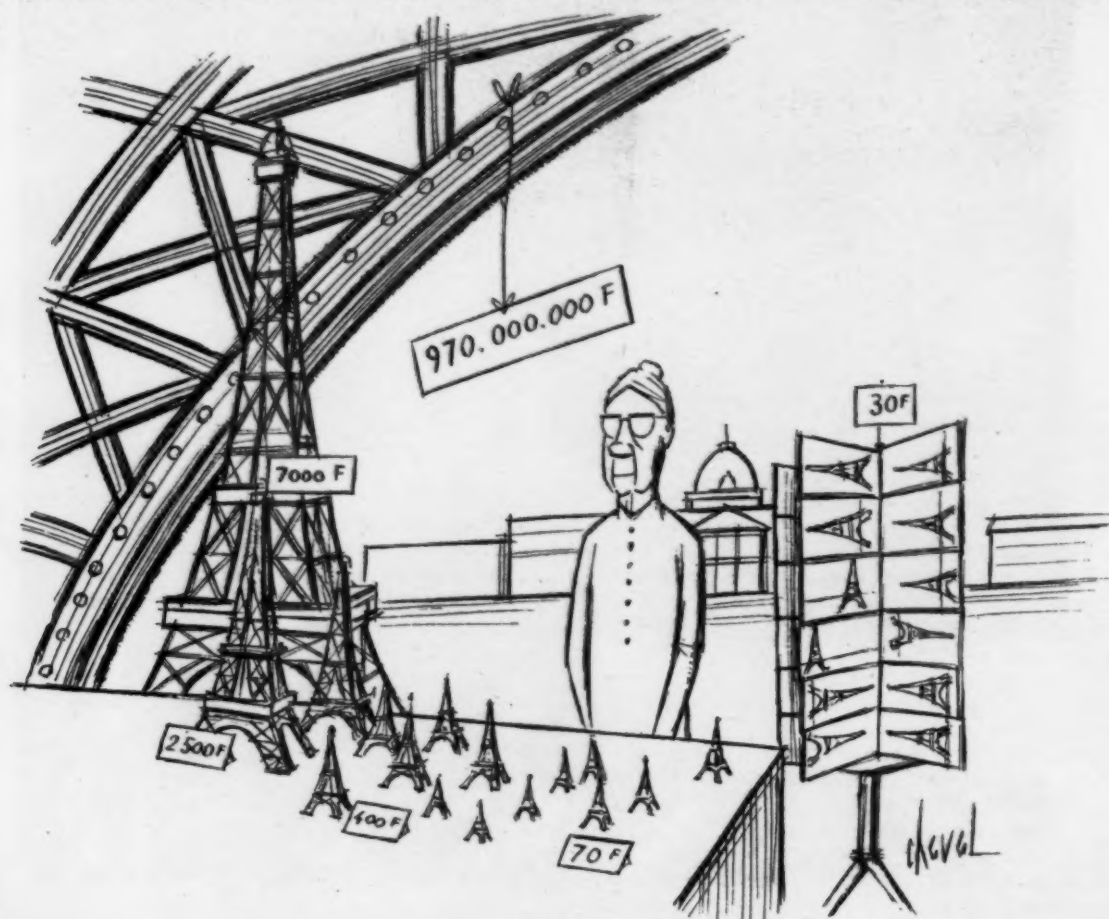
I nodded again, as quietly as before, despite the fever of excitement that gripped me. Escape! I had long suspected that there was something in the wind, for Erich had of late been cutting up bed-boards with a ferocity unusual even for him. "Does Heinrich know?" I asked him.

"He is coming with me. But I need nine more."

I agreed to join him at once, and he led me over to the secret hiding-place behind his bed. "This is how it will be done," he told me, showing me the curious implements he had been shaping from his bed-boards.

"What are they?" I whispered.

"Cricket bats. We are going out as a





"Waiter, there's a microphone in my soup."

team. They go about in elevenses," he added in explanation.

Elevenses! Of course. I had often heard the Poops, as we called our guards, using the term, but it needed a man of Erich's insight and iron will to turn the circumstance to our advantage.

No more was said at the time, for Fred, the spotty English *Corporal*, happened to come in at that moment to summon us to the evening *Rollcall*. While Ludwig, blond and debonair, distracted his attention by turning cart-wheels, I managed to steal Fred's braces and trousers, which would be useful in the event of a mass break-out disguised as *Homeguardsmen*. Then we all went down into the courtyard of the grim *Nissenhuttery* which had for so many weary months been our only home.

At *Rollcall* eleven of us answered our names twice, to give the Poops the impression that they had more prisoners

than they thought they had. Then, if the break succeeded, later *Rollcalls* would show that they had *less* than they expected, and by averaging out the discrepancy in the usual over-imaginative English way they would come to the conclusion that they had the right number. Thus our disappearance might remain for many days undiscovered.

Back in our room we lost no time in putting the finishing touches to Erich's plan. Walther Tietze, Karl Haeck and Otto ("Blutworst") Strumpf—later destined to travel for three days round the so-called "Inner Circle" of the London Underground in a desperate attempt to reach Hammersmith—undertook to bleach their blankets and make up the necessary white uniforms. Franz made caps, carefully copied from an old *sportingprint* which hung in the Camp chapel. Papers, maps and money were soon in readiness.

At the appointed time we strolled out into the courtyard by ones and twos, carrying our *bats* over our shoulders with as much nonchalance as we could command. The empty ration truck was waiting to return to Watford, and into it the eleven of us scrambled, calling out "Have a good game" to each other in English to reassure the driver that all was in order. Then off we drove, watched idly by a few unsuspecting Poops. "To Berlin," murmured Erich in my ear.

All went well until we reached the Guardhouse at the main entrance, where to our dismay the Guard Commander called out "What's the idea of playing cricket in mid-winter?" and bundled us all into the cooler. Once again, over-confidence and failure to foresee every possible contingency had let us down when success seemed almost within our grasp.

CHAPTER II. AT CLAPHAM

"Better weigh yourself again, Hans," Heinrich warned me. "There's a porter coming."

Unbelievably our ruse of rolling out of the Camp in a tar barrel had come off, and now, less than four hours later, we were waiting on Platform 4 at Clapham Junction, counting the minutes till we were due to meet a "contact," who would guide us as far as Platform 12. Dressed inconspicuously as clergymen we hoped to avoid arousing any unwelcome attention from other passengers. Still there was no point in taking risks.

The machine registered nineteen stone six pounds, and for a moment I feared the lack of exercise in prison conditions had been too much for me. Then I remembered the collapsible boat strapped beneath my black coat, and I stepped back with a low laugh of relief.

"Good evening," said an English voice behind me.

It was all I could do to prevent myself from breaking into a run, but good old Heinrich kept his head. "Good evening," he replied calmly.

"Very cold for the time of year," said the stranger.

"Hellishly," I agreed, fervently hoping the conversation would not last long enough to strain my limited English vocabulary. The Englishman gave me

a curious stare, which made my blood run cold, then turned abruptly away and strolled off.

It had been a near thing.

"Time to go to the waiting-room," Heinrich whispered, consulting the wristwatch Ludwig had made for him out of a stolen sewing-machine. There were only two old women in the ill-lit room when we entered, and a well-built bearded man in the uniform of an *Overstationmaster*. It was evident that our contact had not yet arrived. Remembering the importance of acting naturally, I strode across to the fireplace and held out my numbed fingers.

"Fancy thinking there'd be a fire going!" cried one of the old women suspiciously. "Where've you been all this time, then?"

"Collar on back to front, too," said her friend.

The game was up. Escapers cannot afford to make mistakes. I knew how it would all end. Questions. More questions. A polite request to step into the office. Exposure. . . I felt I could not go through it all again.

"Verdompt!" I cried bitterly.

The tall *Overstationmaster* was on his feet. "It will be best, I think," he said, taking Heinrich and myself firmly by the arms, "if you gentlemen will come with me."

It was useless to struggle. With heavy

hearts we let him lead us down a flight of stairs, along grim cavernous passages hideously reminiscent of the notorious Camp 45D, a journey that seemed endless to our aching limbs. At last we turned a corner and mounted once more into the chill upper air. There, astonishingly, our captor turned and left us without a word.

Suddenly Heinrich gripped my arm. "Do you know where we are, Hans?" he whispered excitedly. "We're on Platform 12!"

Only then did I realize that we had met our contact after all. Our adventure, instead of being over, was only just beginning!

But how we made our way from Platform 12 to the Goods Yard at Nine Elms is a story that cannot yet be told. . .

§ §

"HOLIDAYS ARE SUCH FUN

Under the warm sun you can play, laze, bathe, sunbathe, enjoy yourself just as you please—cheered by admirable food, delighted by willing service—your only moment of care is in choosing which of 300 resorts, north, west or south, suits you best in FRANCE."

Travel advertisement in Birmingham Mail

Could think of another.

A Revival of Love

I WILL gie yow aipples and slaes,
I will gie yow heather,
A sprig o' thrissill tae wear in your claes
Whan we twa walk together.

Och, och, my crowdie, my curldodie,
My turlie murlie frae abuse,
Yon crabbit, doittit, durtin gowks
Ken nocht my untranslatable lufe.

I will gie yow a silken sark
O' gude MacDiarmid tartane,
A buke by the makar S. G. Smith
Wi' a' his Lallans hart in.

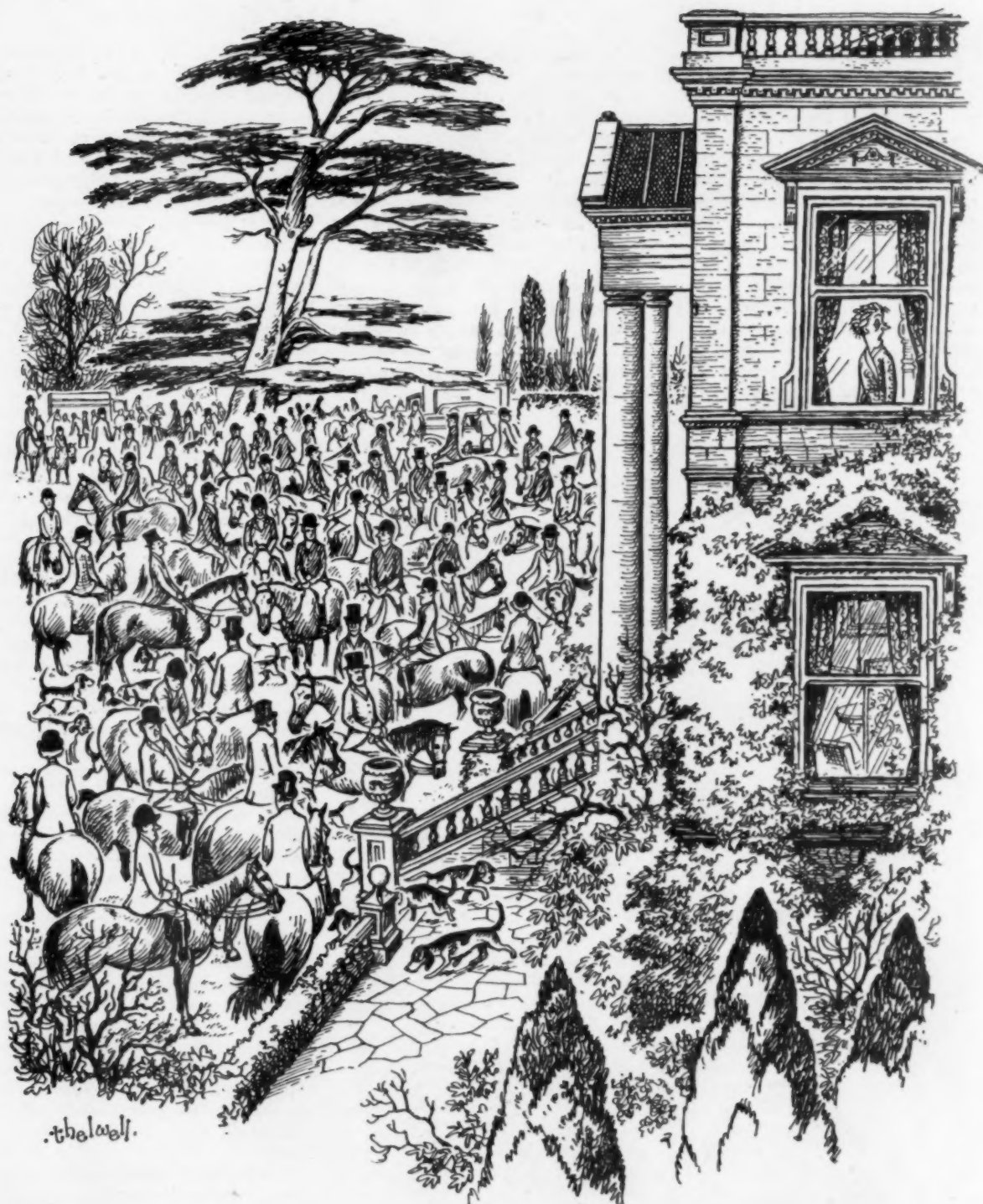
Och, och, etc.

I wad gie yow the stane o' Scone,
For yow tae sit in stait, lufe,
And a muckle red letter-box blawn by
a bomb,
Gin yow wad be my mate, lufe.

Och, och, my crowdie, my curldodie,
My turlie murlie frae abuse,
Yon crabbit, doittit, durtin gowks
Ken nocht my untranslatable lufe.

RANDOLPH STOW





"Charles! Did you ask anyone to meet you here this morning?"

Double Identity

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

THERE is one vital principle of British Justice, more essential than Capital Punishment, the presumption of innocence, Habeas Corpus or the comedy of psychiatrists as witnesses. It is a difficult principle to state shortly or to put into Latin, but it remains the keystone of the administration of our law. In round terms it means that no judge is ever prepared to arrive at any court with a bag full of gross point, patience cards or detective stories ready to while away any time at all between the end of one case and the beginning of the next. He aims to be either engaged upon his laborious duties or off by bicycle or underground train

to his country house in Purley, there to watch the television or help wash up, or to do whatever it is that judges are rushed into by their indignant families in their considerable spare time.

This great constitutional theory, which means that in term time cases follow each other with the smoothness of a double-feature programme at the cinema, has great advantages in saving any judge from loneliness and ennui, but adds considerably to the horror of life at the Junior Bar. Many barristers find that with luck and persistence, and after a few years of trying, they are quite likely to get briefed in at least two cases. As all the judges have to be kept amused,

and as no one can tell how long all the other cases will last, and as a young barrister never has any luck anyway, it is almost certain that both his cases will come on in different courts on the same day. This puts him in what barristers' clerks and judges laughingly refer to as a "difficulty." When he realises that he will probably lose for ever the solicitor client whose case he cannot do, the young barrister seems to be faced less with a difficulty than the sort of inescapable dilemma which wrecks marriages, drives a man to drugs and ends a career.

"Well, sir, you can't be in two places at once!"

The clerk of his chambers reviews the situation with maddening logic.

"But no need to worry, sir. Mr. Topnit can take on the defended divorce and leave you free to do the common assault at Marylebone."

At once the tormented barrister sees Topnit, the bright young man who shares his room, doing his case brilliantly for him, having coffee with his solicitor, showing an affectionate interest in his solicitor's tomato plants and sciatica, and earning the solicitor's life-long affection and respect. Topnit, who has a rich mother and no wife to keep in contemporary wallpaper, doesn't, he feels sure, need another client.

"I wouldn't like to trouble Mr. Topnit."

"I suppose, then, we could send Miss Sedgehood. She's got no actual commitments."

Miss Sedgehood, the middle-aged lady barrister upstairs, never has any commitments outside her monthly lecture on Burial Law to a society of undertakers in Cricklewood. She could not, with any safety, be let loose on either the assault or the divorce judge.

"I suppose," the clerk begins thoughtfully, "if you could get the crime over early, and if the scoutmaster pleads guilty, and if the divorce before yours keeps going for another couple of hours and you could get a taxi, it's a risk."

In the end the risk is taken, the scoutmaster loses his nerve and pleads guilty, the barrister also loses his nerve and arrives, trembling and out of breath, having changed his collar in the taxi, in

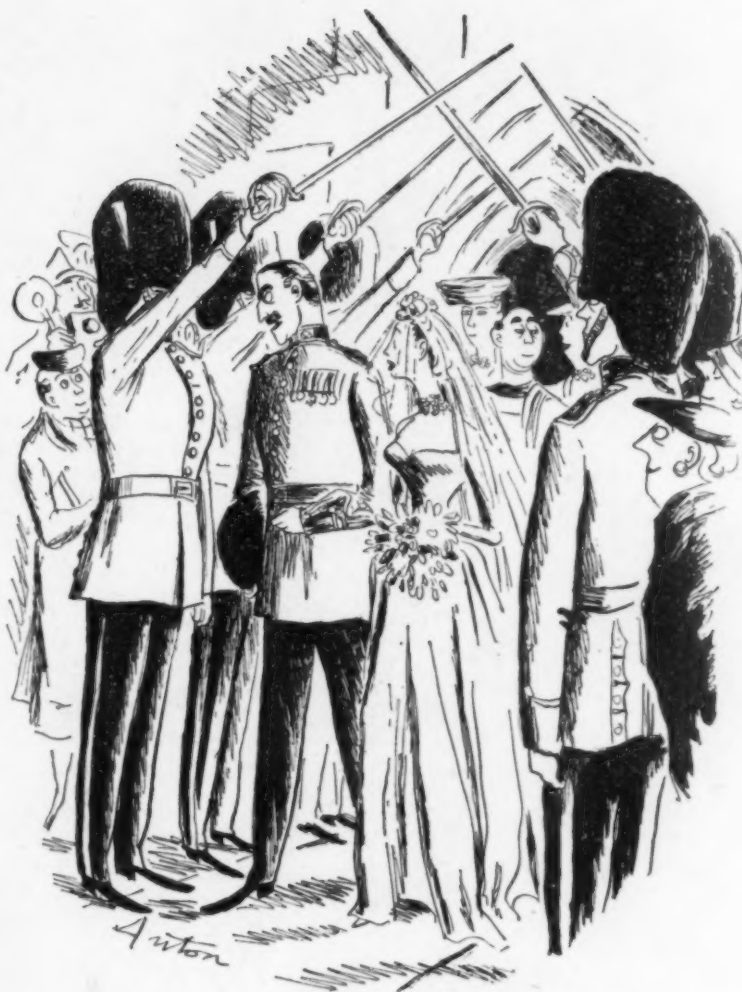


"Would you care to say grace?"

the divorce court just as his case is called on. "A wife's petition, my lord," he gasps. "I will now call the scout-master." . . . But gradually calm descends, he gets the cases separated in his mind, he has surmounted his first difficulty and has proved that it is possible, given reasonable sleight of hand, to be in two places at once. A terrible and nerve-racking life has begun.

As time goes on he learns that the most satisfactory way of doing two cases at once is to be what is amusingly called "covered." To do this you must find another barrister, preferably younger and less occupied than yourself, and ask him to come and help you by taking a note in one of your cases. Before you get into court stand slightly in front of him so that your solicitor can't see his boyish, unshaven face and white wig, and pretend that he's really going to have nothing to do at all. Then, when you get called on in another court, thrust a bundle of correspondence into his hands and tell him to read it aloud, very slowly, to the judge until you get back. If you still aren't back tell him to read it all over again. A young man recently left like Casabianca in this situation was appalled to hear the judge ask wearily, "Must we really go through all these letters, Mr. Clenchcourt?" By answering, "I'm afraid we must, because if I'm going to be left with this case I ought to know what's in them," he showed that here was an advocate worthy to be placed in a difficulty himself.

Some people, of course, get into so many difficulties that they leave their "covers" in almost untenable positions. Appearing for an employee of the National Bank of Brazil who had been knocked down by a motor scooter, a busy advocate made a long opening speech about the marvels of British Justice which opened our courts to alien subjects reared under tropic skies, and then disappeared rapidly in the direction of Chancery Court Two. His bewildered double was then left to call a young man who had been born at Deptford, worked all his life in Fenchurch Street, and had never been further from home than Swiss Cottage. When he looked back and discovered what he had done the advocate remembered a case at the Birmingham Assizes and left again by train.



"Take this man's name, Cynthia."

So it goes on, and so it will continue while the principles of our law remain the same. Judges watch an ever-changing, ever-anxious succession of faces under wigs in front of them, barristers pause in mid-sentence as their clerks tug at their gowns and tell them that the case before theirs in the next court is about to collapse. With time and experience only can a certain quiescence be reached. When a very busy barrister was found quietly feeding the ducks in St. James's Park he was asked with astonishment if he had no cases in court that day. It turned out that he had indeed been briefed to appear in the House of Lords, the Court

of Appeal and before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but he had wisely decided not to show undue favouritism to any of his clients by appearing in person in any of these places. That's one way of dealing with the problem, the other is to become a judge. A personality split in the course of years may then be healed. Judges almost never try two cases at once.

"LOOE. Furnished Holiday Honeymoon Flats, sleep 3."— *Birmingham Mail*
Let's take your mother.

THE HOUSE

Not seen at the



HOUSE IMBECILE

th eal Home Exhibition





Smiley

IT was nice to have Norman Hartnell confirming what Nannie used to tell us long ago: *You can always tell a lady by her shoes and gloves*. He put it rather differently: "The least important part of a well-dressed woman is her dress. She should be well-dressed in her extremities—her hat, her hair-do, her well-manicured hands, good gloves, and then well-made shoes. That is how fashion goes." This was handsome of Mr. Hartnell, considering he is a designer of dresses and not a creator of elegant extremities; although it must be taken into account that his speech was at a luncheon of the Multiple Shoe Retailers' Association and it is only courteous to lick the hand that feeds one.

Nannie, in point of fact, went still further to the heart of things with another dictum: *You can always tell a lady by her underclothes*. The logical child mind puzzled over this. No real

lady, surely, would ever be seen in her underclothes, so how were people to know? Did it, like having a beautiful soul, shine out through the eyes? But then Nannie would say: "Just think, dear, if you were run over and taken to hospital." The point was that even a perfect lady might be seen dead in her underclothes. Since those days underclothes have become lingerie, and ladies, far from being a distinct species, are an extinct one. Yet many a time has the hand been stayed in the act of pinning a broken shoulder-strap by the recollection of Nannie; needle and cotton are sought, and neat stitches replace the safety pin. A bore, but *noblesse oblige*; in the final count one must be the body of a well-dressed woman, a credit to Nannie at the last.

Another thing about ladies in the days when all was sin and shame was that they never wore *fabric* gloves.

Nowadays even the Queen of England wears them. This does not mean a lowering of standards, royal or any other. There is no real reason why leather should be the only glove material and all else imitation. Cotton, nylon, piqué, rayon-simplex—these are now regarded as glove materials in their own right; in many ways more suitable for summer and evening wear than leather. What are known as classic shorties are made in fifty different colours, and these, hand-sewn in suède-finished fabric, are wholly acceptable with suits. Indeed, there is a fascination about them: people collect shorties.

With these you can't go wrong; but with nylon gloves it is possible to go horribly awry. Caution must be counselled when it comes to the embroidered, the lace-appliquéd, the honeycomb backs and the ruched cuffs. "Too fussy, dear," Nannie would have said. But for evening, nylon gloves have much to commend them, particularly as an alternative to the long kid gloves which go with ball gowns and are such killjoys at the romp. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined"—but first, off with the hot kid gloves.

Suède, cape, and kid gloves, however, are hitting back in nearly as many colours as the fabric ones, and some makes are guaranteed to be just as washable. The most preferred colours this spring are pastels; and the most preferred pastel is pink. For this is the colour of the season. Pink in all its possibilities appeared in every *couture* collection for every kind of outfit. As far as gloves go, pink presents itself softly as pale almond and dark mushroom, to wear with black, blue, or brown. The wrist-length glove may go with the wrist-length sleeve; but the three-quarter sleeve, which will be such a feature of this spring's suits, dresses, and even top-coats, demands a glove to meet it. Such long, softly wrinkling



"No, madam—it's the terrible weight of me medals."

gloves—virgin white, maiden pastel, buff with a bloom—impart a cared-for, cherished air. They suggest ladies' maids and boudoirs; they hint at tidy shelves in limitless wardrobes, kerchief sachets and glove boxes, lavender bags and tissue paper... all the pretty, scented frou-frou that used to surround the perfect lady.

John Cavanagh introduced perfumed gloves with his Spring Collection, as worn by Elizabeth I and the ladies of her court. Sachets of *Mirage*, a lingering yet elusive perfume, are stitched into the seams; not only of long court gloves but of day-time gloves as well. These will soon be seriously on sale in a Bond Street perfumery and a select few ladies' shops. And seriously should we consider them. Are they the symptom of a disturbing decadence in this new Elizabethan age? Or do they herald the era of a new, exquisite and more perfect lady—the pluperfect lady?

At the other extremity, shoes are equally provocative. Much nonsense aforethought has gone into presenting many elegancies: such as a four-inch heel of thin metal, curved like a question mark; and a transparent heel in which a rose is imprisoned like a prawn in aspic. Dior-Delman in Paris show heels which finish in a diamanté ferrule; and, in London, Rayne has jewelled heels, filigree heels, aluminium heels, and stiletto heels with tips no bigger than a sixpence. His, too, the "glass slipper," made of Vynilite, with a Perspex heel and golden vamp. Heels are not all high and flighty, but even when low they have a slimness. The one-inch heel is often pared away at the instep and sloped from the back, which gives a Victorian look; and a new neatness is the baby-Louis heel.

Time was when shoes with coloured heels had a faintly naughty flavour; they would only be worn by slightly imperfect ladies. But *autres temps, autres rumeurs*; clearly unclandestine are the shoes with contrasting heels in the Russell and Bromley collection, with matching piping round the uppers. Impeccably bred, also, are Saxone's white linen shoes with heels of guardsman red, blue, or tile pink, the colour once again being repeated in the piping. These are shell pumps, cut very low, with what are pleasingly called "vanishing vamps." A new triangular pump has the de Givenchy look: very pointed, very

Eastern. Still farther Eastern are shoes with bamboo heels.

White shoes, apart from those of white linen, will not be worn in town. There is also a slight revulsion against peep-toes and sling-backs for daytime wear. The London *couturiers*, several of whom now design the shoes their models wear, are unanimous in preferring the simplicity of the classic pump with continental heel and toe. What chiefly emerged from the *couture* collections was the necessity of coloured shoes to go with spring and summer suits, of pastel shoes to go with dresses. That and the *couture* look of suède. Michael, Cavanagh, Digby Morton and Sherard all showed shoes of fine, supple Uta suède, in rich colours and pastels. There is a new water-repellent version of this suède called Utaprufe, completely weather-worthy, made in shades from the palest parchment, through mediaeval purples, reds, and blues, to a particularly deep, lush black.

There is a very general belief that our feet and hands are larger than our



grandmothers'; but latterly this has been in dispute. Tiny sizes of gloves and shoes have most chances of survival, as they are too small to be handed on to maids or poor relations. Mrs. Langley Moore, Director of the Museum of Costume at Eridge Castle, even, by the same token, denies our grandmothers' smaller waists, declaring that only the modern diaphragm is bigger. Anatomically then, there is nothing against our being exquisite specimens of perfect ladyhood. All we need is the attitude of mind.

And undoubtedly to-day's mode has a new demureness: swathed chignons and quiet bosoms; modest neck-lines to cocktail dresses, covered shoulders or sleeves to evening dresses; sashes and floating panels, chiffon and crêpe-de-chine; long, soft gloves and elegantly pointed shoes. It is not enough to say that fashions have become more feminine—femininity can cloak a multitude of things. The mode, to use an outmoded word, is ladylike.

ALISON ADBURGHAM



GLUBB Week. On Monday the Prime Minister and the Colonial Secretary were put through their paces over what had happened in Jordan and Cyprus. Over Jordan, Mr. Crossman thought that the dismissal of General Glubb had "created an entirely new situation." Mr. Gaitskell thought that it was "a major setback for British policy." Mr. Amery asked for an assurance that we would not "take this reverse lying down" and Mr. Patrick Maitland demanded "an emphatic reassertion of British interests." Other members who had nothing else to contribute contented themselves with shouting out "Abadan" when Mr. Herbert Morrison rose. But the Prime Minister announced that there would be a debate on Wednesday, and in view of that quite reasonably

J. H. D.

James Dowd, whose death on March 16 we very regretfully record, was from 1906 to 1948 a constant and valued *Punch* contributor. For twenty years his very considerable gift for portraiture enabled him to produce for the weekly film critiques a series of drawings of such uniformly high standard that they made it appear normal and natural that they should be so, and therefore seemed less remarkable than they were.

He achieved considerable success with his drawings of children, his firm free lines being excellently suited to their fragile sturdiness: he was a sensitive and sympathetic observer, a pen draughtsman of a high order, and one of the early pioneers of the vital expressive line that seems to be part of the subject, instead of merely illustrating it.

refused to be drawn on general policies. He confined himself to a protest against the manner in which General Glubb had been treated and the announcement of the withdrawal from Jordan of other British executive officers. In the same way Mr. Lennox Boyd contented himself with reporting the breakdown in the Cyprus negotiations and paying a tribute to Mr. Francis Noel-Baker. He, too, refused to be much drawn by Mr. Aneurin Bevan's tart criticisms. His further questioning was a week, and the debate was still some ten days, ahead; and as for Archbishop Makarios, "He sells Seychelles on the sea-shore" now, as we know, but naturally he was given no hint of what was coming to him that afternoon. Monday's exchange petered out with the suggestion of Mr. McGovern that the leaders of all the parties should get together. But even in the arithmetic of moral rearmament it, alas, remains true that zero plus zero plus zero equals zero.

At the same time Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was telling the people of India that "at the worst period of British-Indian relationships we were always sustained by the thought that Mahatma Gandhi knew and loved England." Thus sustained, the House on Wednesday had to turn itself to the contemplation of the antics of more present lovers. "We must speak in the firmest possible language to Arab countries," said Mr. Shinwell—"no threats, because if you threaten you've got to act." In a field in which competition was remarkably keen, it is perhaps on the whole to this sentence that one should award the prize for the *ne plus ultra* of idiocy. But it must be confessed that, if no other Member quite equalled him for imbecility of phrase, most of the speakers on both sides were trying, though with some-

thing less than the master's touch, to say much the same as he.

We must be firm, the House agreed, but it was singularly unclear what it was going to be firm about. "We must be firm," said Mr. Nutting. "Our best course was to show ourselves reliable, consistent, patient but firm." Meanwhile there was "alas! no progress to record," so we must go on "building on strength." "We could not just clear out and wash our hands of the whole area," thought Mr. Gaitskell, but "in order to achieve these objectives we did not need to have military forces dispersed everywhere and continue semi-colonial policies everywhere." The Government ought to "make a statement," thought Captain Waterhouse, "as clearly as they could, condemning Egypt's actions." "There was a case for a meeting," thought Mr. Arthur Henderson, "between the Prime Minister, President Eisenhower and the French Prime Minister" — Mr. Henderson seemed to have some pardonable difficulty in remembering that statesman's name—"to discuss the situation in the Middle East." "I must tell the House bluntly," summed up the Prime Minister, "that I am not in a position to announce to-night in respect of immediate policy definite lines of policy which are inevitably to be pursued."

The Opposition said that we could not keep the peace merely by reiterating our acceptance of the 1950 Declaration, because neither side really believed that we would intervene under that declaration, however much we said that we would. It was quite a good point. But, when they went on to say that we must give further guarantees to Israel, it became hard to see why, if foreigners would not take our word given in 1950, they should any more take our word

when it is given all over again in 1956. Yet such honours of the debate as there were went to Mr. Gaitskell. "What's the matter with you all?" asked the Prime Minister a little pathetically of the interrupting Opposition. And it is indeed true enough that there is nothing that we can do except in co-operation with the Americans, and therefore nothing that we can say until the Americans have told us whether and how they will co-operate. They have not been very co-operative up to the present, and if they will not co-operate then war is inevitable. So, said the Prime Minister, "we have made arrangements for joint discussions as to the nature of the action which we should take in such an event." Until then the Bagdad Pact and the 1950 Declaration "make a foundation upon which the Middle Eastern effort can be built, and we will pursue that, whatever the consequences, till the end of the road." The prose-style is beyond parody. The picture of a Prime Minister "pursuing" the "foundation" of an "effort" down the road, as if it were a bowler hat blown along by the wind, is a curious one. Perhaps no more could be said until the Americans gave their answer, but, if so, what was the point in having the debate at all?

So far as it was not Glubb *et praeterea nihil*, it was Walker-Smith week and Deedes week. Mr. Walker-Smith, as Under-Secretary, enjoyed a triumph on the Restrictive Practices Bill on Tuesday. On Friday, Mr. Astor, who is one of the most attractive speakers in the House, made a pathetic appeal to the Government that, since they obviously could not do anything about anything else, at least they should do something about betting. If only on a mere law of averages Governments could not always

fail to solve all problems. Black could not turn up every time. Mr. Deedes, who has a jaunty, common-sense way of speaking as if he were a Failed Back Bencher who had got on to the Front Bench by misfortune and mistake, in reply promised betting shops and a Bill to set them up, and was commended by Mr. Chuter Ede for his courage. The remarkable thing about this Government is how much more intelligent the Under-Secretaries are than the Ministers. Doubtless it is because they have not sat on the Front Bench so long.

The House started the new week, as was expected, by giving a second reading to Mr. Silverman's anti-hanging Bill. The debate was on quite a high level, but the arguments on both sides have by now been pretty well chewed over, and nothing much new was said. The outstanding speech was a brilliant maiden from Mr. Keegan, the Conservative Member for South Nottingham.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Mr. Deedes

Mr. Chuter Ede

Turisto

Esperanto has recently been accorded official recognition in Russia.

SWING the sickle, smite the hammer,
Kamarado! here I come,
Armed with L. Zamenhof's Grammar
All in simple rules of thumb.

Though I'm mad about *turismo*
Brief my *vojago* must be,
So the joys of *komonismo*
Montru rapide al mi.

Back on Saturday (*Sabato*)
Al Londono I must dash,
Car mi estas, kara frato,
Rather short of *mono* (cash).

Fain would I have stayed till *lundo*
But your *rubloj* are, I fear,
At eleven to the *pundo*,
Far too *multekostaj* (dear).

E. V. MILNER



Pursuing Foundations of an Effort till the End of the Road



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Footnotes in the Sand

EGO: You know, even with all the night terrors of plague and the rope, Villon led a less consistently harassed existence than his expositors. Right the way up from Assistant Lecturer to Professor they have to keep a safe number of references ahead of their rivals.

ALTER EGO: Perhaps a feeling of his duty to French literature drove him on whenever his debauchery flagged.

EGO: The editors of Aristophanes and Sappho and Catullus and Sterne are afraid to lift their noses from the grindstone, except to send down any pupils who behave like the authors they edit.

ALTER EGO: Not nowadays. Kingsley Amis is, or was, a don and his Lucky Jim was far more likely to leave some twentieth-century Boswell papers behind him than a row of calendars of customs accounts. He was Mediaeval Economic History, wasn't he?

EGO: If you are right, it is a good trend. I am all for the universities turning from their Hellenistic scrabbings over the fleshless feet of dead poets and re-living their inspirations. They make History, why not culture? Half the last Labour Cabinet had been dons. R. A. Butler was a don. Lord Cherwell spent the longest sabbatical ever known, not at Princeton, but in the Cabinet. Every day dons are getting inflamed and leaving their ever-mellowing red brick for *The Spectator*.

ALTER EGO: Probably at really progressive groves of academe, like the University College of North Staffordshire, it will soon not be necessary to leave; dons will be able to opt for learning or life. I wonder, by the way, whether you're not under-rating the strain of being the raw material. The big men suffered, even though they may have had a wonderful capacity for joy, and a lot of the

minor figures were envious and tormented.

EGO: Probably Villon was a bad example. I ought to have picked some man who was happily parasitical or confessional or absorbed. How much more fun it would be to be Gilbert White than somebody writing about his syntax or his idea of Nature or his various editions.

ALTER EGO: They might be absorbed



too. An antiquarian would suit Gilbert White very well. No, Villon was right. He would have qualities a hard-driven Nordic don simply would not recognize any more than he would understand the Mediterranean attitude to time.

EGO: Dons tend to be cagey about entertainers or praise them for secondary qualities. Even when the qualities they respond to are primary they falsify the picture by ignoring other qualities equally important. There is a furtive tendency to discuss Jane Austen in isolation from *Love and Freindship*, the hoot of laughter with which she began. Nobody actually says so, but there are hints

that the better sort among her admirers would do well not to notice that she was constantly trying for a laugh. The don would understand Villon because both of them were hard-driven. It is the light-weight or the clown that defeats the academic mind.

ALTER EGO: Well, it is an academic function of a kind to point out that he is a light-weight. History dons cannot understand the existence of people with poor memories and literature dons must find it hard to understand levels of intellectual energy much lower than their own. Where there is some equality of vitality they can read and understand.

EGO: The trouble is that they do not leave the second- or third-rate alone—I suppose because of the difficulty of fitting out backward pupils with subjects for theses. The gay little love-poem gains nothing from notes: probably the better the poem the more the reader of it can get from criticism of it.

ALTER EGO: The kind of reading that helps with Vaughan might even get in the way of enjoying Suckling. Tickling girls in disused shelters would be more helpful.

EGO: Shelters? Nonsense! Life in one of the more raffish country houses, perhaps—or what about an advertising agency?

ALTER EGO: Don't you think that your major writer often seems to come from a puddle of minor writers? The puddle has two quite different kinds of minor artist—highbrow and low-brow. (The big man can sometimes be middlebrow, like Homer or Molière.) The academic mind can deal with the highbrow minor writers, because they were men who were, in reading and outlook, the dons of their day. It is suspicious and hostile and uneasy with the essential low-brows, the entertainers, the commercial boys, partly because it sees the past through the eyes of the highbrows, to whom the virtues of the other kinds of writer were as

invisible as the merits of Defoe were to the Swift circle.

ALTER EGO: This is all very interesting; any truth in it?

EGO: If you nag me for truth rather than conversation I shall send you to the super-ego for repression.

R. G. G. PRICE

Beaverbrook. Tom Driberg. *Weidenfeld and Nicholson*, 21/-.

Like truth, in this if not necessarily all other respects, Lord Beaverbrook is a jewel with many facets; this biography concentrates on a few only. Nearly half of it is the long twisted tale of political intrigue, getting Balfour out, getting Asquith out, getting Bonar Law in, feuding with Baldwin—these battles have been fought again on paper so many times as a kind of Tactical Exercise Without Proof that even the hardest campaigner sues for truce. All this is well and entertainingly done, but at the expense of so much else in the life of "the little Canadian adventurer," as Balfour's private secretary called him, that many would like to read and that Mr. Driberg is in a favourable position to write.

For however Lord Beaverbrook has seen himself, it is as a newspaper creator, revolutionary and dynamic, that most

people see him, and any who have walked the tight-rope or barked for fish in the Beaverbrook Circus, as his empire used to be called, have fascinating material to give—and a more important contribution to social history, maybe, than the too familiar Cabinet-making recital.

F. L. M.

A. E. Housman and W. B. Yeats.

Richard Aldington. *Peacocks Press*, 32/-

These two lectures were delivered, with others, in a series of contemporary poets discussed by Mr. Aldington in New York in 1938. The edition is limited to 350 copies. Mr. Aldington came across Housman at London University, the former an undergraduate, the latter a don, and he has some interesting things to say about the impression made on him by the author of *A Shropshire Lad*. His account of Yeats is also drawn from life and an example is given of the manner in which Yeats would make a remark in conversation and later embody the words into a poem. Both lectures shed light on their subjects, set against Mr. Aldington's own clear-cut views on what poetry should be. These might briefly be summarized by saying that he considers far too much rope has been given to those poets who favour unintelligibility.

A. P.

Old Hall, New Hall. Michael Innes. *Gollancz*, 12/6.

To write for selfish enjoyment is understandable if not entirely pardonable. Mr. Innes enjoys himself hugely, writing about people called Clout, Sackett, Shufflebotham, Gingrass, Gedge and so on—names he plainly enjoys inventing—most of whom are preoccupied with a buried treasure, and who suffer, among other trials, the reading aloud of immensely verbose early nineteenth-century letters at a tea party; these occupy all the book's middle cut, and the author has revelled in their painstakingly reproduced circumlocutions. There are flashes of comedy, and a well-relished culture illuminates the whole, but in what the publishers describe as a "new detective story" the reader is entitled to expect a titbit of action thrown his way occasionally.

J. B. B.

A Means of Grace. Edith Pargeter. *Heinemann*, 15/-.

Miss Pargeter is so courageous and well-intentioned that a reviewer feels somewhat petty in complaining of her over-elaborate style and the sense of tract-like purpose that weighs her novel down.

Emily, an English singer, travels to a central European capital to give recitals. There she stays with a family she had known before the coming of Communism. She finds its members living much as before, each reacting differently to the situation, but their ways of life not greatly affected by it. The head of the family, a professor, has protected one of his students guilty of unwise behaviour. This young man, fleeing to the west and deteriorating as a result of his undirected refugee existence, ends by destroying his protector. It is this brilliant study of neurotic degeneration that lifts the book above the commonplace.

O. M.



Janet Bowring—JANET BARROW

Ruth Prendergast—MARJORIE FIELDING
Lavinia Goldsworthy—CHRISTINE SILVER

[Tabitha]

AT THE PLAY

Tabitha
(DUCHESS)

A CAT DIES. Worse—indeed, unthinkable—a cat is poisoned.

To three penniless old ladies in their grim bed-sitting-rooms, for whom Tabitha's addiction to water and her demand for whiting on national occasions provided major subjects for discussion, her death looms larger than a savage increase in their rents, applied with sadistic timing by a ruthless landlady on Christmas Eve. The first act of *Tabitha* is thus so wonderfully English that on no foreign stage could it make a word of sense.

Grief-stricken, and then furious to discover that the landlady had dropped poison in the cat's drinking-bowl, the old ladies settle down to top up from this bowl a half-empty whisky bottle round

which the murderess, a thirsty tiger, is known to prowl. They do this as coolly as if they were clinching some detail of a village fête—steadied by the iron resolution of the viceregal widow, an imperious woman hardened on many a tropical verandah to the realities of life. When she has gone out to put on her hat for the carol service, however, the others lose their nerve. One has been driven sombrely eccentric as companion to a lady of title, the other has long been softened in parish harness; neither is the stuff of heroic drama. In panic they pour away the poisoned whisky, and put another half-bottle in the cupboard. But for a few pregnant seconds both the bottles are in feverish and uncertain hands.

You may guess what happens next. Their hostess is found dead. Others are suspected. The old ladies, restored to a sense of duty, decide they must drink the whisky to make sure they poured away the right bottle. For this scene I am very grateful to ARNOLD RIDLEY and MARY CATHCART BORER, and to MARJORIE FIELDING, CHRISTINE SILVER and JANET BARROW, who play it beautifully, getting the utmost from such nice ironies as "Please, dear, not too much!" And the subsequent hangover, lethal but a vindication, is as funny.

For the rest of the evening, though the old ladies continue to cast welcome beams of lunacy, we are in the grip of an implausible and very old-fashioned murder inquiry, conducted and concluded in a highly unprofessional manner by an inspector who suggests a disgruntled professor of the trombone rather than a trained investigator. I mean no disrespect to PHILIP STANTON, who seems to have been miscast. Comic policemen, by all means; but for a police-conscious audience they must also be efficient. Here HAROLD FRENCH's production weakens, having earlier managed the old ladies with confidence.

In her brief appearance as the landlady GILLIAN LIND makes quite certain that the news of her passing will gladden all hearts. ANNE LEON and JACK WATLING dredge a little character out of two shallow parts, but acting honours in this broken-backed play go to the old 'uns, led splendidly by MISS FIELDING, our undoubted mistress of the aristocratic school of whalebone. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Round-up

SINCE writing the last full-size film article to appear in these pages I have seen some seventeen films, of which perhaps seven or eight struck me as deserving of review at some length. These I propose to mention here in a sort of mopping-up operation, with a warning to the reader to remember that in a few words one can't be fair to a film and may often be misleading.

First, already released, *The Man Who*

Never Was (Director: RONALD NEAME): first only because most recent, not necessarily for any other reason. This is from the book by the HON. EWEN MONTAGU: the basically true story of the elaborate and successful trick played on the enemy in 1943 to mislead him about the place of the forthcoming invasion of Europe, when a quite imaginary "Major Martin" was created in the form of a body, to be washed up on the coast of Spain, carrying documents suggesting that the invasion would be by way of Greece. This is good in the way of so many of our war stories, well played by a multitude of excellent people headed by CLIFTON WEBB, and with a refreshing reticence (regrettably unusual in British films) about the extra parts, many of which are allowed to make their effect momentarily, silently, without any pawky comic lines to make the groundlings yell.

Then *The Rose Tattoo* (Director: DANIEL MANN), from TENNESSEE WILLIAMS's play: a wonderfully impressive *tour de force* by ANNA MAGNANI as a volubly lamenting widow at last conquered by a man (BURT LANCASTER) who resembles her late husband and craftily adds to the resemblance. This is in grain a comedy, often almost farcically funny, though the characters might be those of a heavy drama. It is Miss MAGNANI's triumph that she can make the central figure touching and funny at almost the same moment. Sheer acting of a sort rare in films; a stimulating experience, not to be missed.

Private's Progress (Director: JOHN BOULTING)—already released—is adapted from ALAN HACKNEY's amusing book about Army life. Enjoyably well made, though the first half is essentially "recognition stuff," effective because it recalls so much shared experience. IAN CARMICHAEL is ideal as the accident-prone hero, RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH does a first-rate comic job as the Cockney spiv who knows all the best ways of swindling, and there are crowds of clever small-part players.

Ransom! (Director: ALEX SEGAL), also generally released, is one of M-G-M's unpretentious black-and-white suspense pieces in the same category as *Trial*: an admirably made, intensely gripping little story about the kidnapping of a child, with GLENN FORD as the worried but conscientious father.

Frou - Frou (Director: AUGUSTO GENINA), the first Continental film in CinemaScope, is an artificial and potentially rather stuffy story redeemed and transformed by French delicacy of handling and lightness of detail: a long flashback, brilliantly evocative of period (1912 onwards), about a young girl governed and influenced, *Pygmalion*-fashion, by four much older men. DANY ROBIN is the girl and—above all visually—the piece is quite attractive.

I must register my minority opinion about *Othello* (Director: ORSON WELLES): I found much to approve in it. True, it



SHERIFFS

(The Rose Tattoo)
Scrafina—ANNA MAGNANI

is perhaps too short to develop effectively the proper brooding atmosphere; but as a film it seemed to me variously striking and well worth while.

How many's that? Six. Well, we must certainly make room for *A Town Like Alice* (Director: JACK LEE), from NEVIL SHUTE's novel about the women compelled to trek from place to place in Malaya during the Japanese occupation. VIRGINIA MCKENNA, PETER FINCH very good; a contrived "happy ending," but on the whole notably satisfactory.

And finally—1984 (Director: MICHAEL ANDERSON), or FERNANDEL in *Ali-Baba* (Director: RENÉ G. VUATTOUX)? Preferably the second—simple fun and visual pleasure. 1984 has good points, but absurdly wrecks the whole argument with an optimistic ending.

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET

La Péri
(COVENT GARDEN)

LA PÉRI is a *pas de deux* inspired by a poem and music by Paul Dukas.

It tells of the search of Iskender for the secret power which will halt the approaching flight of his youth. In the hands of sleeping Péri he discovers the flower of immortality. She wakes as he robs her and thereafter the subtleties of the dance express her endeavours to recover possession of the sacred bloom. Though she fails to outwit Iskender, he capitulates willingly in the ecstasy of new-born love. In the culminating moment of passion she vanishes and he lies dead in deep shadow which contrasts with the brilliance of the waves of fire into which Péri is absorbed.

The oriental spirit of the poem is

adroitly suggested by a score which never slips into *pastiche*, and both Dame Margot and Mr. Michael Somes likewise create the atmosphere and character of the East by their confident interpretation of the essentially classical invention of Mr. Ashton. There is about all the movements a flowing beauty which upholds the aristocratic dignity of Iskender and heightens the superhuman grace and beauty of the imperious Péri.

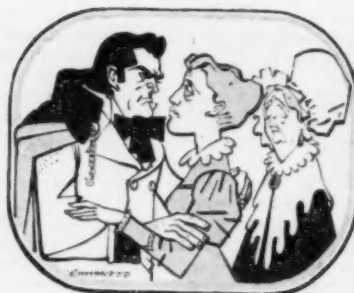
Mr. Ashton's choreography has evidently been devised with no eye to its performance by lesser dancers. For Dame Margot it is an opportunity, incidentally, to suggest Persian elegance by the slightest of gestures. She is assisted by a remarkable make-up and a ravishing dress and veils designed by Mr. André Lavoisier. Mr. Somes, similarly, suggests without obvious mime a nobleman of ancient oriental lineage and he also is indebted to Mr. Lavoisier for a magnificent array of vestures.

Mr. Ivon Hichens's sombre stage setting provides a foil to the splendour of the dancers. C. B. MORTLOCK



ON THE AIR Serial Excellence

THE necessarily unorthodox look of the current *Radio Times* has started several trains of thought. One is that the condensed layout is a good deal more readable than the normal style. Another is renewed wonderment at the B.B.C.'s weird system of billing, which puts all cinema organists and disc-jockeys into headlines and relegates other star performers, composers and writers to diamond-type footnotes. *Radio Times* is surely due for a good shaking. There was a time when it did more than chatter aimlessly about the private lives of B.B.C. comics, crooners and producers, when it dotted its pages with well-written and informative programme notes, useful bits



Jane Eyre
Rochester—STANLEY BAKER
Jane—DAPHNE SLATER
Mrs. Fairfax—BARBARA EVEREST

and pieces about composers, playwrights and authors, excellent illustrations in line, and maps illuminating the week's ration of travel and news programmes. There was even a time when it contained lively educational pieces for the younger generation on such subjects as the composition of various orchestras and bands, the history of national institutions and the facts and figures behind topics under discussion. In my view *Radio Times* is abusing its monopoly, failing to provide the country with a workmanlike and pleasing display of the week's radio and television fare, and missing a wonderful opportunity of ensuring that at least one stimulating and instructive magazine is received into almost every home every week.

There have been several noteworthy programmes during the past few weeks. I was able to commend only the first of Berkeley Mather's "Tales From Soho." I can now congratulate him, his producer and a talented team of actors on an excellent series. There was no falling away in quality: the dialogue remained crisp and convincing, the action swift and exciting, and the characterization (a

carefully constructed pattern of readily recognized types) entirely adequate for the job. "Tales from Soho" makes mincemeat of the expensive imported serials featured by both B.B.C. and I.T.A. and strengthens the case of those M.P.s who have protested to the Chancellor against the T.V. drain of dollars.

Another success is the serial version of *Jane Eyre*, adapted for T.V. by Constance Cox and Ian Dallas. The story is ideal for telling on the instalment system: the suspense and the unobtrusive black-and-white *dramatis personae* need the familiarity born of serialization to make them credible. Campbell Logan's production is admirable and Daphne Slater plays Jane with winning innocence, charm and conviction. My only criticism so far is that the outdoor film sequences seem to have been made with rather less attention to detail than the studio scenes. Rochester's fall from his horse and grace was a calamitously clumsy affair.

Full marks also to all concerned with the new series called "Nathaniel Titlark." I have always regretted that Bernard Miles's clowning monologues operate under the law of diminishing returns, and that his repertoire has failed to grow with his popularity. Now, however, J. L. Hodson has given him exactly the right material for his talents, and Titlark, a delightful rustic mountebank, should have a long run. "Titlark" is something quite new in television entertainment—humour of an earthy Pig-and-Whistle type laced most effectively with goonery. It is very welcome.

Finally another pat on the back for "Look," Peter Scott and Heinz Sielmann. "The Pond Chorus," dealing with the unabashed mating habits of frogs, toads and newts, made wonderful television. For the time being it has put the birds and the bees out of commission as instructors in the gentle art of genetics.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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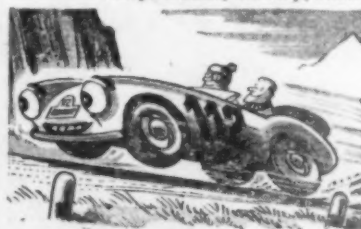
Answer—No. All oils are thicker at lower temperatures than they are at higher temperatures and BP Energol 'Visco-static' is no exception to this rule. But its viscosity changes far less with alteration of temperature than does the viscosity of conventional oils. BP Energol 'Visco-static' in your Hillman Minx will give easier starting from cold as well as better lubrication at full engine heat.

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Brush up your Shakespeare -3



1 Who, and to whom, said 'Here's Flowers for you'—

- (a) Hamlet to Yorick in a graveyard?
- (b) Perdita to Polixenes in *The Winter's Tale*?
- (c) The landlord to Ophelia in the local?



2 What part did Fabian play in *Twelfth Night*—

- (a) a servant to Olivia?
- (b) a left-wing intellectual?
- (c) a retired detective?

3 Who or what was Bardolph—

- (a) An Elizabethan lounge-lizard?
- (b) A secret weapon?
- (c) A man who never pays for his round?

4 Which of the following makes good sense on a cold day—

- (a) Much ado about a Dogberry?
- (b) To be or not to be a Rosenkrantz?
- (c) Much enjoyment in a Sable Stout by Flowers?

Knock back your Flowers BITTER

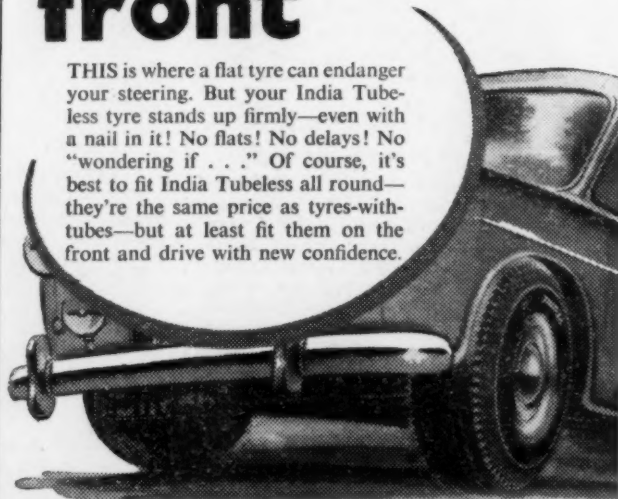


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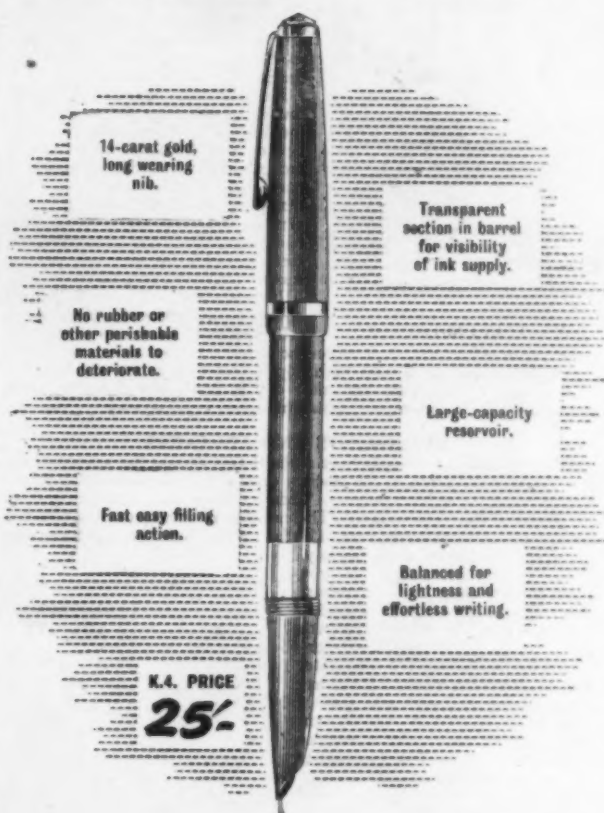
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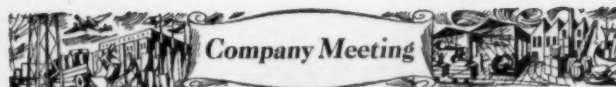
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Company Meeting

EASTBOURNE MUTUAL BUILDING SOCIETY FURTHER PROGRESS

The seventy-ninth annual general meeting of the Eastbourne Mutual Building Society was held on March 21 at Eastbourne.

Mr. Laurence A. Caffyn, chairman, in the course of his speech said:

I am glad to be able to report further progress. There is no need for me to emphasize to this audience that 1955 developed into a difficult year and these difficulties have not yet been solved. I am glad to say that the Society came through the year not merely unimpaired but stronger than ever.

The year started quietly but steadily, and there seemed no reason why it should not proceed to its conclusion as it started. However, we faced

in turn the dearer money policy, a General Election, a Stock Exchange boom and finally the Credit Squeeze. All these features gave your Board plenty of food for thought, but we dealt with them as they came along, as shown by the excellent results in the Statement of Accounts.

Possibly the feature that has caused us the most depression was the Stock Exchange boom as a number of our friends felt it was a movement in which they should take part, and withdrew their money for that purpose. So far as we are concerned, we were sorry the money had to go, but at the same time, we were grateful for the use of the money whilst it was with us.

Nevertheless, we cannot look back at that period without a little heart-ache, because I know how very much

a number of our ex-members regret the action they took at that time. To engage in an enterprise with high hopes, and then to see the value of your securities depreciate day after day is hard, and I would again emphasize what a wonderful investment a good building society provides.



INVESTMENTS AND ADVANCES

A large number of people have realized this during the year, and the new investments made in the Society during the year amounted to the sum of nearly 1½ million pounds. That is a large sum of money and we are proud of the achievement. The number of investing members has increased by 300 during the year. This is very satisfactory and indicates the increasing popularity of the Society.

The money invested is, as you know, used to assist in home ownership. The Society had a busy year, and the sum of £1,093,000 was advanced to 1,050 individual borrowers for this purpose. I must state, however, that the demand for mortgages during the year was greater than this Society has ever known, and therefore very definite restrictions had to be placed on the number of applications entertained.

Interest rates had to be varied during the year. The increase in Share and Deposit rates to 3 and 2½ per cent was obviously due, and the influx of money which followed the adjustment proved how welcome it was. Increases took place as at 1st August. The other side of the picture was that mortgage rates also had to be increased, and the increase took place as at 1st November.

RESERVES A RECORD

One of the difficulties during this period was the fact that for three months the Society was receiving by way of interest a lower rate of interest than it was paying, when one takes income tax into account. It is therefore very gratifying that the surplus on the year's working was practically the same as 1954, and the reserves of the Society have been increased by £20,000.

The total reserves and carry forward now amount to £322,000, the largest figure ever recorded by the Society. Not merely has the gross figure been increased but the reserve ratio has improved. I would commend this feature of the Society's accounts to you all and to your friends.

The report and accounts were adopted.



The Bluebird... and the scalping machine

This is no ornithological tragedy, for the Bluebird is Donald Campbell's record-breaking boat, and the scalping machine a piece of engineering equipment used for milling metal ingots. But the two are connected: the tubular steel framework of the boat and the scalping machine are made by companies in two of the seven Divisions of Tube Investments.

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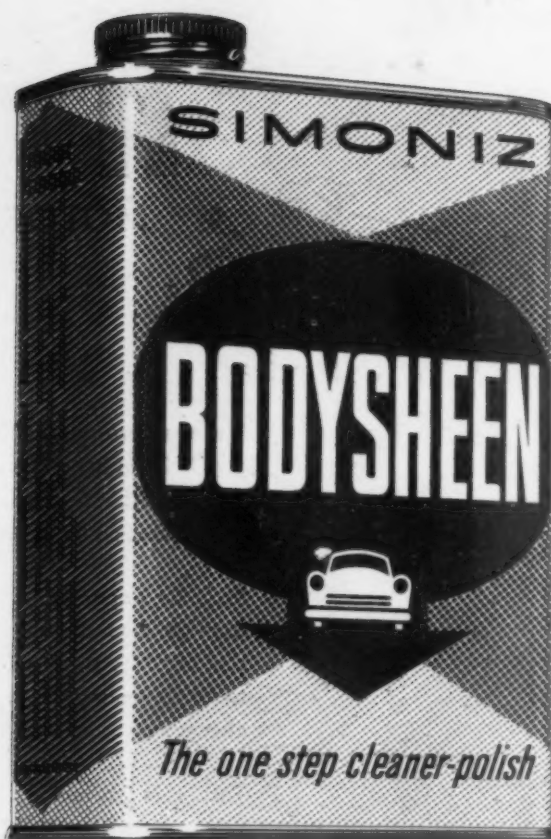
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